

OF

King Charles the First,

January the 30th 1648.

A PINDARIC ODE.

1. Feb. 168 $\frac{3}{2}$ 1.

J Oyn mournful Voice, my Muse, to mournful Strings,
 And mournfully play, and mournfully sing
 The last sad Tragick Scene of our great martyr'd KING.
 All dark and gloomy was th' unhappy Day,
 and the unwilling Sun

Refus'd his daily Race to run,
 Nor the least Beam of Brightness would display;
 Black as the Tyrants Heart that did the Nation sway.

We fear'd (and very justly too)
 That Heaven would pour all its Viols down,
 And send worse Plagues than ever Egypt knew,
 the wretched Island to undo.
 the wretched Isle deserv'd to be
 dig'd up, and cast into the Sea,

For the dire Sins of its own Progeny.

II.

We've heard of the Calamities God sent down
 Upon Jerusalem, his own lov'd Town,
 What Plagues, what Ruines, did ensue,
 What Blood, what Desolations, did pursue
 When they had crucified the Eternal King;
 Though that was richer Gore
 Yet was the Guilt almost the same,
 Never was seen
 Since that, of deeper Dye has been,
 Nor ever was before.

When the Eternal Son of God did dye,
 the Temples Vail was rent,
 And fearful Signs and Wonders fill'd the Firmament;
 So when the horrid Blow was given
 It frighted Earth, and startl'd Heav'n.
 In vain Astrologers their skill did try:
 all must in Chaos lye,
 When Rebels rule, and God-like Kings must dye.

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III.

Ah, curst Effects of *Civil Wars*!
 And lawless Lust, and impious Rage
 Of a rebellious, factious Age.
 Thus did the Hands and Feet rebell,
 And 'gainst their Sovereign Head to Civil Discords fell,
 Reason depos'd and gone,
 Lust strait usurp'd the injur'd Throne,
 and swore 'twould reign and rule alone;
 And what but Ruine could be e're the Fate
 Of such a rude, ungovern'd, head-strong State?
 Let, gracious Heaven, never more this Land,
 Fall under the dire Vengeance of thy Hand;
 No more let *Albion* be the sport and shout,
 Of all her Neighbours round about.
 Ah! wretched *Albion* then they cry'd;
 Ah! wretched *Albion* then the Gods and Men reply'd.

IV.

If it be true
 That from the Martyrs Blood the Churches Greatness grew,
 that for one slain
 Out of his Dust many should rise again;
 We see the mighty Sentence prov'd divine,
 What God-like Heroes sprang from *Charles* his Line,
 What God-like *Phoenixes* did re-aspire
 From out their Royal Father's Funeral Pyre?
 Just like the Sun after a Storm,
 Such was the happy Entry of our *KING*,
 His Royal Bounty smil'd on every thing:
 (Out-doing Heaven) Pardon he gave
 to every base rebellious Slave;
 Forgave his Father's Death and his own Sufferings.
 Kind Heaven has *Albion* happy made
 under the God-like *Charles* his shade,
 His Noon-tide Glories all shall rise,
 and mount before him to the Skies,
 Too high for any *Polish*, *Faction's Policies*:
 And Men shall envy us, and call
 The great *Defender of our Faith*, *Defender of us all*.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N, Printed for *James Norris*, at the *Kings Arms*
 without *Temple-Bar*. 1683.